

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## Temporarily Out of Order

By RUBY DOUGLAS

Grace O'Brien spent many hours of her day cooped up in the tiny outside box office of a moving picture theater. It was the only way she had of earning her living when she had found herself a young widow after the war. She was accurate, systematic and quick, and it did not take her long to become expert in the art of selling tickets to the hurrying public.

Two elevators ran from the outside foyer of the theater where she sold tickets and two girls operated these lifts. They were relieved, as was Grace herself, by other girls who came on to do their turn at the work.

Sometimes, Gay, I wonder whether the monotonous ups and downs of my life here in this elevator are not more wearing to the nerves than the sedentary life you live cooped up in that box," remarked one of the elevator girls to Grace when there was a lull in patronage for both of them.

"It's an even break," acquiesced Grace, "but I think we are lucky to have any jobs at all, and I'm thankful for mine."

"That's the reason we call you Gay."

At that moment a man stepped up to the little window, put down a dollar bill and asked for a ticket. As he took the change, he looked through the circular aperture at Grace O'Brien's face. Suddenly he reached his hand through.

"Grace—why Grace Lowe!" he exclaimed. "It is you?"

Grace looked at him scrutinizingly. "Bob Morton!" she cried.

For a moment each held the hand of the other but did not speak. It was ten years since they had seen each other.

"Aren't you lost?" asked Grace, at a loss for what while he held her eyes so compellingly.

"I'm just on here for a visit. And you?"

"Oh—it's a long story with me," admitted Grace.

And then, turned on by the gathering string of expectant patrons of the moving picture house, the man disappeared.

"An old friend?" asked the elevator girl when there was a moment of rest again.

"He was more than that—in our school days," said Grace.

"Oh—breathed the girl meaningly.

"We were really-true sweet hearts in those days and then I came East and then the war and George in his uniform and the call to the front—and well, I married George before he left. That's all. I have never heard of Bob from that day to this."

"But you will—if I know a chin when I see it," laughed the girl. "And I saw his."

It was the next day that Bob Morton was dragged by a magnet to the moving picture theatre again.

"Isn't there some time, some place, somehow that we could have a visit?" he asked, after talking to Grace for a few moments.

Grace was silent. She could not ask him to her tiny room. She would not ask him to the general parlor of the boarding house. She did not like to let him take her to some place of amusement.

"Why couldn't you just visit—here?" she said hesitatingly.

A group of persons sought tickets.

"It's a fine place to—to talk," Bob said amiably as he took again the place before the glass window.

"Now— isn't it?"

"Isn't exactly my idea of—of romance!" Grace laughed.

Bob stepped aside again. He was thinking. His time in New York was short.

"Gay says you are an old friend of hers," said a voice at his side.

Bob turned hastily and took off his hat. "Ah—yes—very old. From her home town, in fact. You—you call her Gay?"

"We call her that because she's such a brick in the face of the trouble she's had—and it nickname's Grace very well."

Bob remembered that Grace was wearing black—all black—on both

Make Porch a  
Dining RoomBy Bertha E. Shapleigh  
Cooking Authority for NEA  
Service and Columbia  
University

The coming weeks will offer plenty of opportunities for serving on the piazza or porch, either the family meals or refreshments to friends who call. Make the porch as comfortable as possible with comfortable chairs, rugs, flowers and a good table for serving.

The other necessary things are tall glasses for iced tea or cocoa, punch glasses for punch, light but serviceable trays and any other of the many additional things which make porch serving attractive.

It is quite possible to serve a variety of cold drinks at home instead of allowing the family to purchase them at soda fountains. Sugar and water boiled five minutes to make a sirup may be kept bottled and always ready for sweetening beverages.

There are many bottled fruit juices, as grape juice, loganberry and pineapple; but lemon and orange juices are always better fresh from the fruit.

Charged waters add greatly to punch and fruit juices. A siphon of soda is a great addition to punch and will give it the necessary sparkle and effervescence.

A small amount of ice cream, fruit, chocolate and sugar charged from a siphon will make an ice cream soda equal to that which one buys.

An easy and an excellent drink is made by mixing equal parts of ginger ale and grape juice. Serve from a pitcher.

Small cakes and cookies may be kept on hand and sandwiches made at a moment's notice. Thus prepared one may offer porch hospitality at any time.

of the occasions when he had seen her. "She's she's had trouble, then?"

"Oh—yes! Her husband was killed in the war."

Bob was silent for a few moments. "Oh—yes—so he was. I—perhaps I did see that in the local papers." He knew well that he had not. He knew that he had never connected Grace with any husband, dead or alive.

"I have been trying to get a few words with her, but she seems so busy," he admitted to the girl.

The elevator bell rang; the girl looked at her wrist watch. "She will be off duty in ten more minutes. Stick around."

Bob remained. The girl returned with a little placard which bore the lettering, "Temporarily Out of Order." She fastened it to the door of the elevator she was running.

"What's that for?" asked Bob, amused. There was still a crowd at the window and Grace was busy selling tickets. The girl who was to relieve her had arrived.

"It means," said the elevator operator, "that you and Gay are going to have ten minutes of privacy that isn't a boarding place, and maybe you can fix up a date with her to take her out and tell her all about it again. No one will know the difference—but me."

And I know it is hard to talk while a string of movie fans is waiting to buy tickets."

Bob laughed aloud. He looked at the sign on the lift door. Then Grace emerged from the little rear door of the ticket booth.

"I say, Gay," said her friend. Grace looked from the girl to Bob and back again. "What's up?"

she asked, feeling the nearness of something important.

"We—we have decided that thought an elevator isn't a very sentimental place—it is very quiet when it bears this sign." She pointed to the card.

"Come in just for a moment, Gay," said Bob.

Grace blushed as she had not blushed for ten years.

"In you go," urged the girl. "And, you too," she said pushing Bob gently on the back.

She closed the door of the attractive little elevator and left the two alone.

When they emerged, Grace came up to her, her eyes bright with a renewed outlook on life. "Bob wants you and me to have dinner."

Wheeler looked sharply.

"Ben, his Donald Manning been here?" Molly asked breathlessly.

Ben shook his head. His eyes were cold and puzzled.

"Then see to it—leave word outside that he's not to be admitted. Please, Ben!" She knew her man.

"And why?"

"Because—oh, because he's furious—means to hurt you maybe—"

Ben chuckled in derision.

"What's this, a comic scene? I'd look funny, weight 190, telling my watchman to keep out a lady-like young gentleman for fear he'll hurt me!"

"Wheeler! Don't stop a minute, Wheeler!" Billy snapped. "Do as she tells you, you vain fool!"

Wheeler whirled toward Billy. "I suppose you were let in because you were with Molly. Well, you can go now—get out before I—"

"Oh, Ben, stop!" Molly's voice rose to a shriek of desperation. "I hear—"

"It's only I!"

And Molly strangled a cry as Don Manning appeared in the doorway and closed the door behind him.

One hand, the right, was in his coat pocket, almost jauntily. With the other he motioned Molly and Billy aside.

Ben stepped toward him, jerking his head doggedly.

"Stop where you are!" cried Don, "unless you want me to shoot."

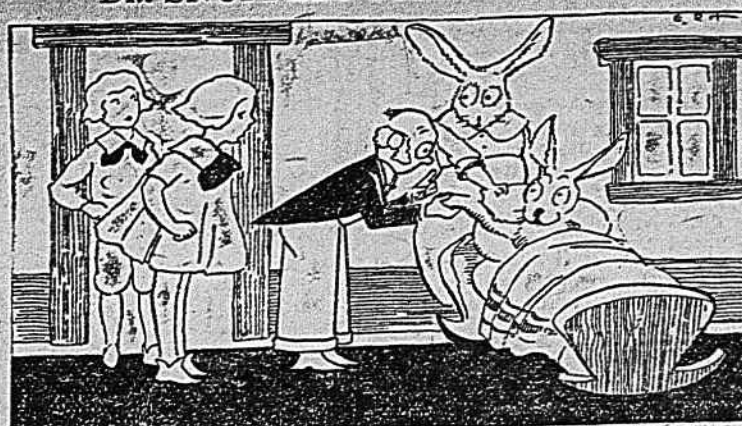
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(To Be Continued.)

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

## DR. SNUFFLES CURES ANOTHER



"Madam," said Dr. Snuffles gravely, "your son is troubled with a disease called greedytitis."

One morning Mrs. Cottontail telephoned Dr. Snuffles, the fairy man doctor, when Nancy and Nick were helping.

"I wish you'd stop in and see Cutie," she begged. "He's dreadfully sick and can't go to school."

So Dr. Snuffles hurried right over without eating the nice breakfast Nancy had fixed for him. There lay Cutie, rolling over and over, and moaning and groaning.

Dr. Snuffles looked at Cutie's tongue. Then he felt Cutie's pulse and put a big thermometer into his mouth.

"Yes," said he gravely with a queer look at Cutie. "He's dreadfully sick. You'll have to pull down all the blinds and close all the doors and leave him quite by himself."

"He must not see anybody at all! And above everything else he mustn't have a single thing to eat. Not a thing!"

With him. We—we might have a lot to tell you."

"Well, my internal economy is not temporarily out of order, so I'll go," said the girl removing the sign from the door and turning the elevator over to the relief worker. (Copyright, 1922.)

## LAUREL POINT

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Henry visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill at Morgantown Sunday.

Mrs. John Newbraugh visited her sister, Mrs. Dan Gregg, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Walls of Morgantown are the visitors of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Lear.

Mr. and Mrs. George Snider visited their son, Dana Snider, at Hildebrand Sunday.

Dan Gregg is seriously ill at his home here.

F. A. Stevens of Smithtown has been the guest of relatives and friends in Laurel Point for the last few days.

John Hildebrand attended the Keener reunion held in Marion County last Sunday.

Wayne Henry and L. D. Shafer of Morgantown visited friends here Monday.

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Has achieved the greatest mystery story of the year in the baffling, bewildering, brilliant tale of terror,

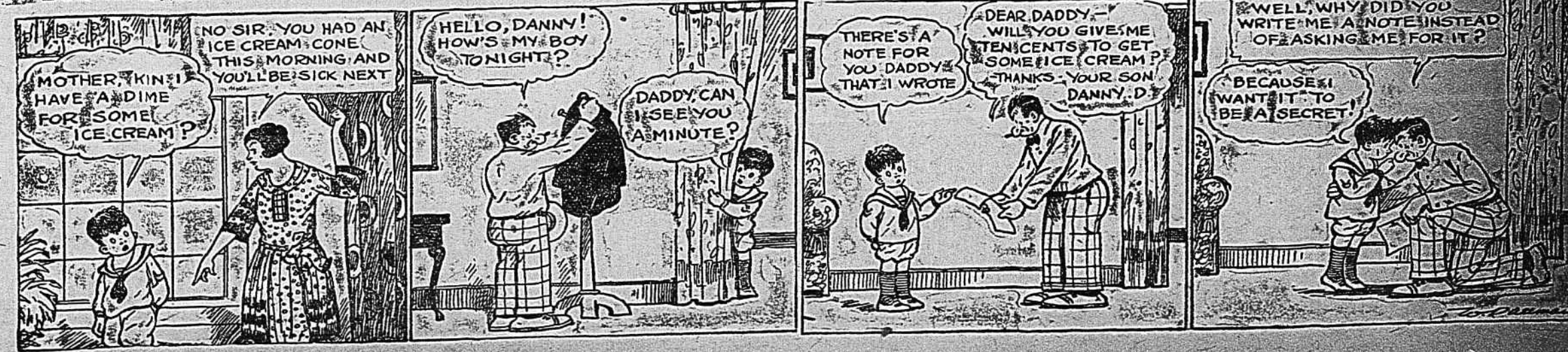
"The Tattooed Arm"



Printed for the first time as a serial in The West Virginian starting Monday, July 17.

YOU MUST NOT MISS THE FIRST CHAPTER!

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



Deep Stuff

BY ALLMAN

## July Clearing Sales

Take Advantage of These Savings In

OSGOOD'S  
FROCKS

Of Established Quality

at \$4.75

Standard Osgood's quality gingham and voile frocks, made on exclusive designs and desirable for Summer comfort needs. Formerly priced up to \$8.50 and real bargains at this reduction.

at \$14.75

Osgood's silk sports and dressy frocks of that good quality women prefer. Most of the models are suitable for continuous wearing through the Fall season. Values to \$25.00.

at \$7.95

Osgood's higher quality wash frocks, made of imported ginghams, voile, linene and eponge. Their goodness and becomingness is considerable more than the special price might indicate. Values to \$12.50.

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Osgood's superior values appear in the splendid group of silk frocks formerly priced upward to \$45.00 and specially reduced for clearance to \$23.75. Both sports and street models—the latter suitable for all-year wearing.

Other Wash Frocks at Half Price  
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## Sports Coats and Capes at \$6.95

Made of all wool tweeds. Excellent models. Formerly priced upward to \$15.95.

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Rare values in staple Osgood's garments. Popular colors. Styles adapted for Fall wearing. Values to \$25.00.

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A rarely low price for dependable, standard Osgood's quality suits made of wool serge, tricotine and tweeds. Values to \$35.00.

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Blouses Are On Sale at  
Extreme Low PricesJuly Clearance Sales  
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## WHOM SHALL MOLLY MARRY?

By ZOE BECKLEY.

The very world seemed to crumble as Molly heard Billy order the driver to stop in their race to save—perhaps—Ben Wheeler's life.

"Oh, Billy, Billy—don't fail me!" Billy dropped back into his seat and waved the chauffeur to go on and hurry.

It was Billy who broke the tangle.

"Well, what did you expect on me, Molly? Isn't it more than human for me to break my neck trying to save a man who's breaking me?"

"Yes, Billy, it certainly is. Wearing a cap of soap was in her voice."

"I suppose I expected a bit of big game from someone. I'm so tired of everybody hating everybody."

"And I, being the aggrieved one, must be a better Christian than the man who smites me!"

"Not because you're the aggrieved one, but because you're the more civilized, Billy—the finer and bigger."

The half-spoken reproach ended their personal talk. Billy kept the silence of bitterness. Molly did not feel contrite.

The cab swung into the yards of Wheeler Works and stopped at the door of the main office just as her taxi rolled off.

"Ben's here!" cried Molly, her face with fright.

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